

MERCURIUS MUSICUS:
OR,
The Monthly COLLECTION
OF
New Teaching SONGS,

Compos'd for the *Theatres*, and other Occasions;

With a Thorow Bass for the *Harpfichord*, or *Spinett*:

The SONGS being Transpos'd for the *Flute*, at the end of the Book.

For August.

L O N D O N :

Printed by *William Pearson*, next door to the *Hare and Feathers*, in *Alders-gate-street*; for
Henry Playford, and Sold by him at his Shop in the *Temple-Change Fleet-street*; And *J. Hare*, at the Gol-
den *Viol* in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*, and at his Shop in *Freeman's-Yard* in *Corn-Hill*; And *J. Young*, at the
Dolphin and *Crown* in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*; And all other Musick-Shops in Town. 1699.

Price Six-pence.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX

OF THE NAMES OF THE

PERSONS WHOSE NAMES



AND OF THE

PLACES WHERE THEY

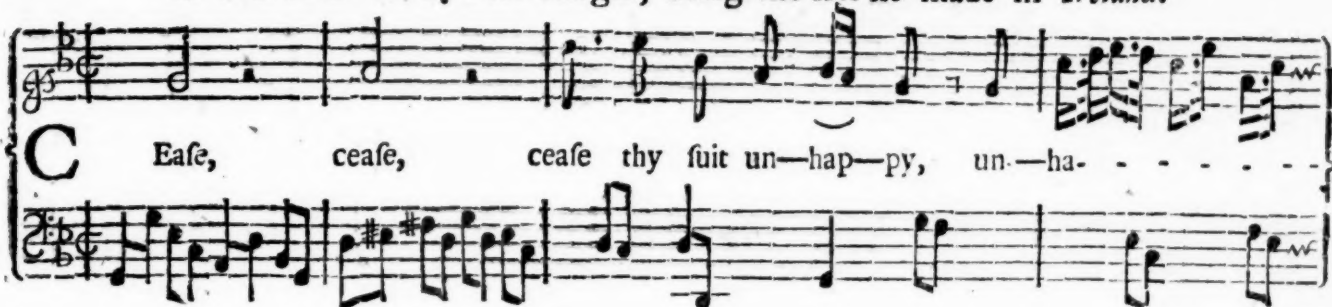
WERE BORN

AND DIED

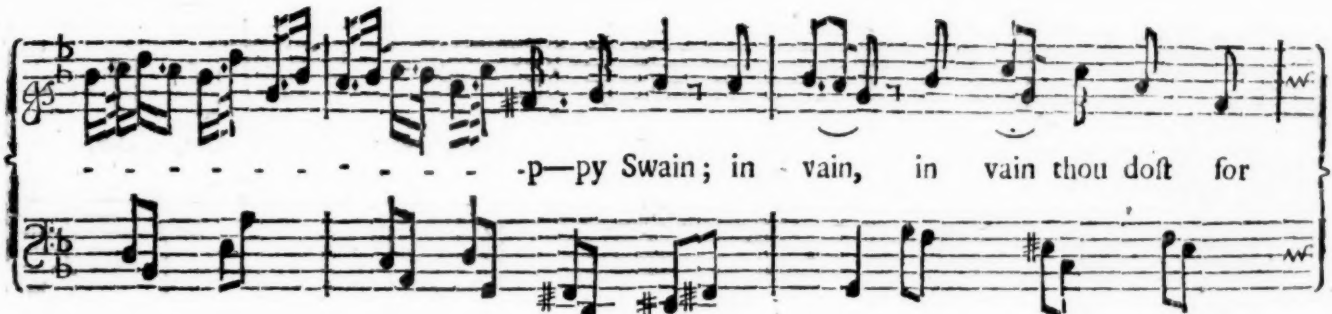
IN THE REIGN OF
HIS MAJESTY
GEORGE THE THIRD
BY
JAMES OSMOND
ESQ;
OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE
ESQ;
AND
OF THE
CITY OF LONDON
ESQ;
IN TWO VOLUMES
THE SECOND

A SONG Set by Mr. *Morgan*, being the last he made in *Ireland*.

155



C Ease, cease, cease thy suit un-hap-py, un-ha-



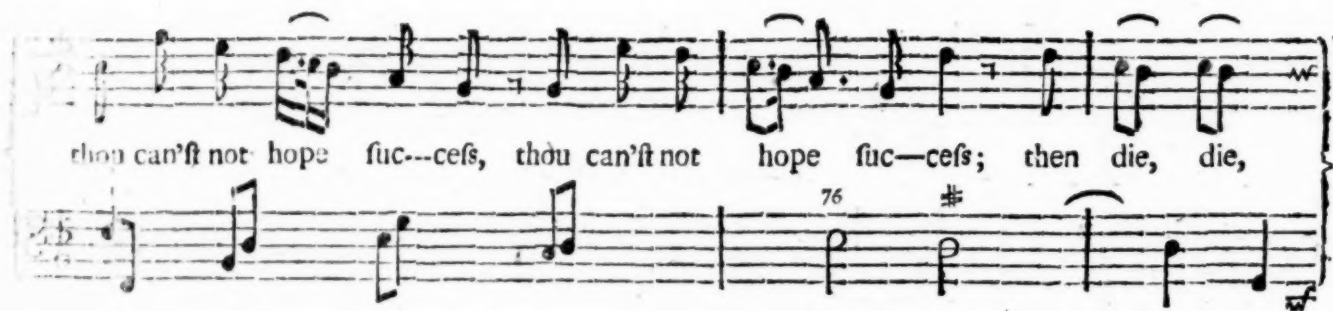
-p-py Swain; in - vain, in vain thou dost for



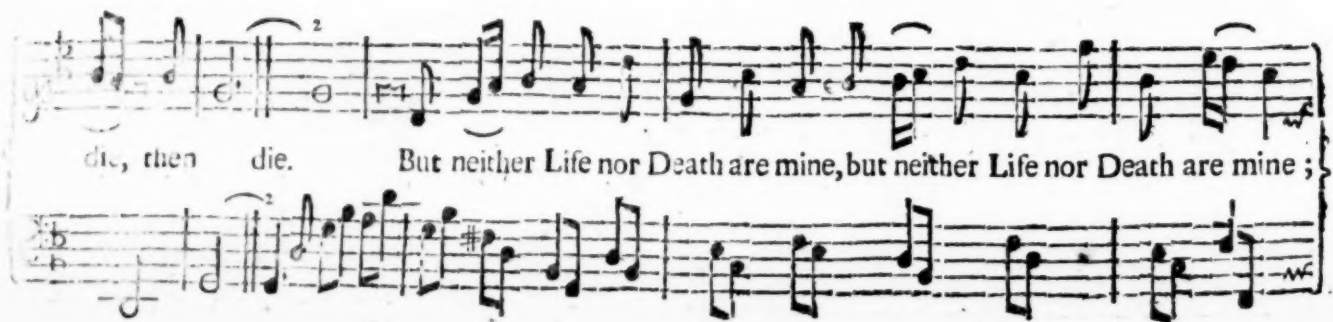
mercy, mercy, cry; for mer-cy, mer-cy, for mer-cy cry: un-



-mov'd Do--rin--da knows thy pain, un--mov'd Do--rin--da knows thy pain;



thou can'st not hope suc--cess, thou can'st not hope suc--cess; then die, die,



die, then die. But neither Life nor Death are mine, but neither Life nor Death are mine;

but nei--ther Life nor Death are mine, but nei--ther Life nor Death are mine. Both from her

Eyes I mu—st re--ceive, the Fates to them their pow'r re--sign, their pow-

-r, their pow'r re--sign, their

pow— — — — —'r, their pow'r re-sign, by

those I die, by those I die, by those, those, by those I Live.

A SONG Set by Mr. W. T.

Lo-ris your Self, you so ex-cell, when you vouchsafe to breath my thought; that

6 4#3 6 6 4 3 6 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6 # 4/2

like a Spi-rit, with this Spell of my own teaching, I am caught. Had

Ec-cho with so sweet a Grace, Nar-cis-sus's loud complaints re--turn'd; not

for re--flect-ion of his Face, but of his Voice, the Boy had burn'd.

A SONG in the *Maids Tragedy*.

Gentle Night, befriend a Lover, long has had his Bliss delay'd; long has sigh'd thy

Watches o—ver, see him, see him now repay'd: *Thirsis* ea—ger for possessing,

thinks the Bride too long undressing; while the innocent Maid of her Wishes a—

fraid, still de-lays, still de-lays; tho' she long for the Blessing.

A SONG, in *Buffy D' Ambois*; Set by Mr. Finger.

Wake, a—wake un—hap-py Man, a—

—wake, Deaths E—ter-nall sleep to take. Fate comes on, nor can't thou

fly, Fate com---mands and thou must die; they who burn in law---lefs

fire, must by un---law---full death ex---pire. A-wake, a wake un---hap---py

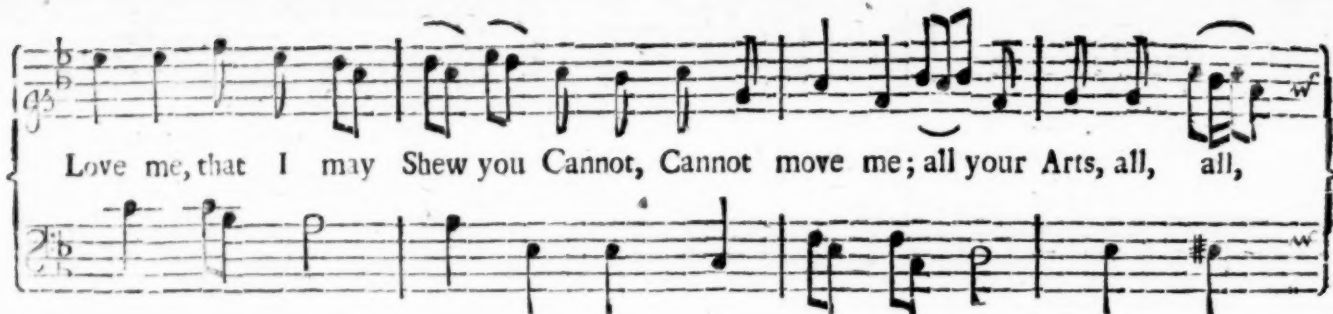
Man; a --- wake Death E---ter---nal, E---ter---nal Sleep to take, Deaths E - -

ter-nal, E-ter-nal Sleep to take.

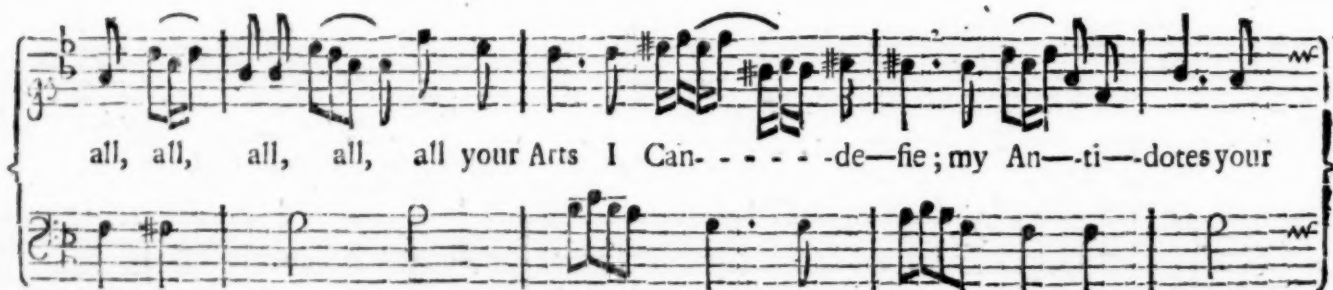
A SONG Set by Mr. Nicola.

Prithee, prithee Damon, Swear you Love me,

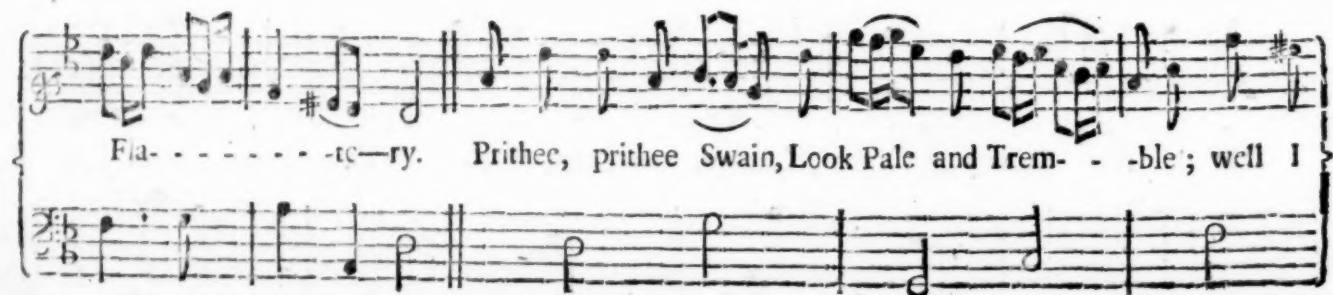
That I may Shew you Cannor, Cannor, move me; Prithee, Prithee Damon, Swear you



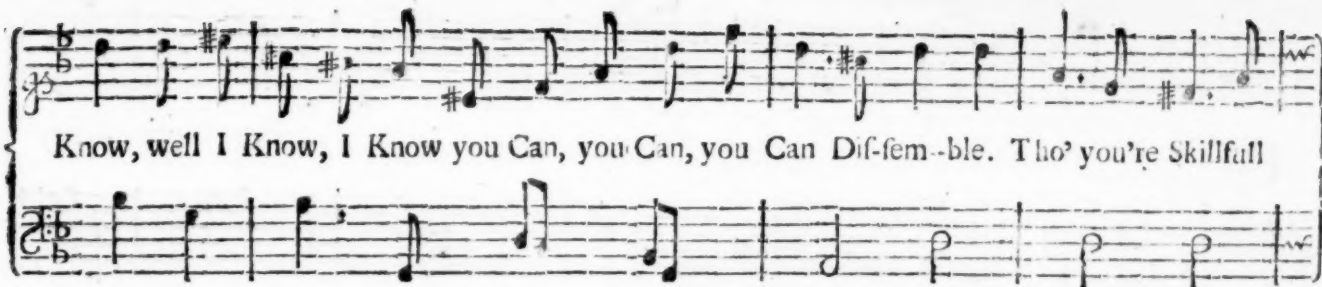
Love me, that I may Shew you Cannot, Cannot move me; all your Arts, all, all,




all, all, all, all, all your Arts I Can- - - - de-fie; my An-ti-dotes your




Fa- - - - - - - - - - ry. Prithee, prithee Swain, Look Pale and Trem- - - ble; well I



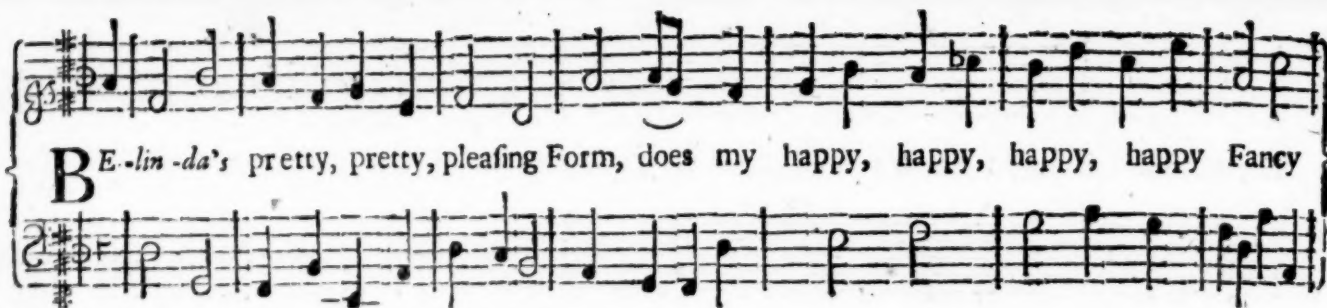
Know, well I Know, I Know you Can, you Can, you Can Dis-sem-ble. Tho' you're Skillfull



in De-ceiving, Women are not all, not all, not all be-lie-ving. Tho' you're Skillfull



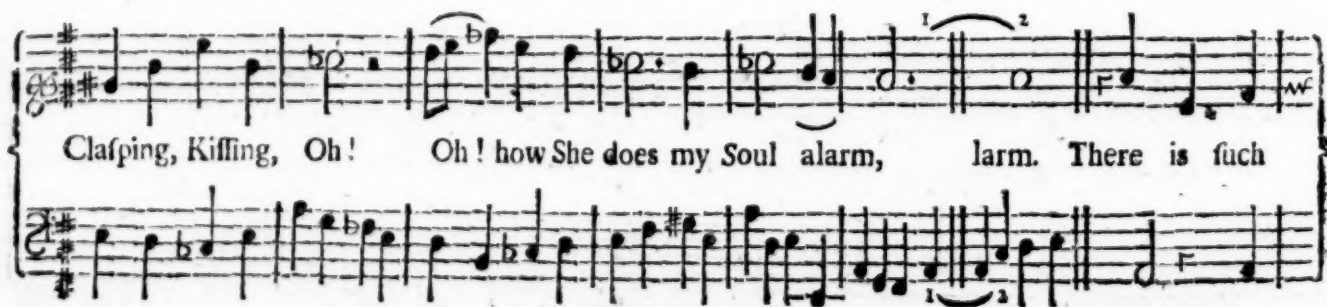
in De-cei-ving women are ontall, not all, not all Be--lie--ving.



BE-lin-da's pretty, pretty, pleasing Form, does my happy, happy, happy, happy Fancy



charm; Her prittle, prattle, tittle—tattle's all en-gag-ing, most ob-lig-ing; whilst I'm Pressing,



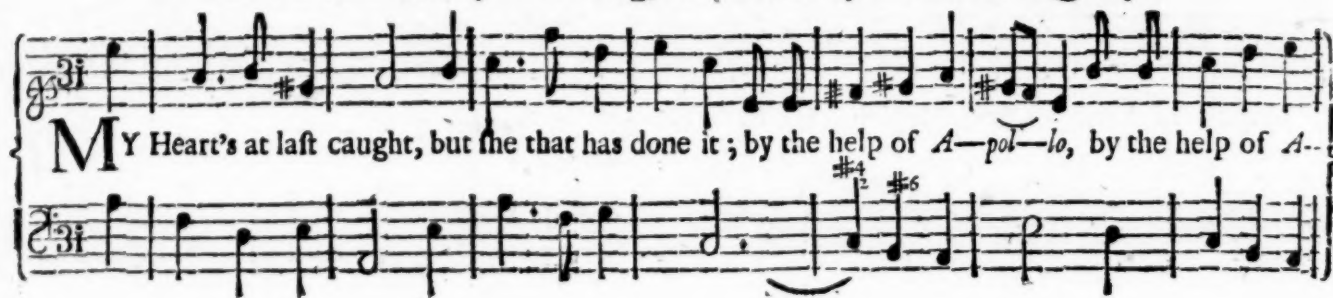
Clasping, Kissing, Oh! Oh! how She does my Soul alarm, alarm. There is such

Magick in her Eyes, Such Magick in her Eyes, in her Eyes, does my wo-

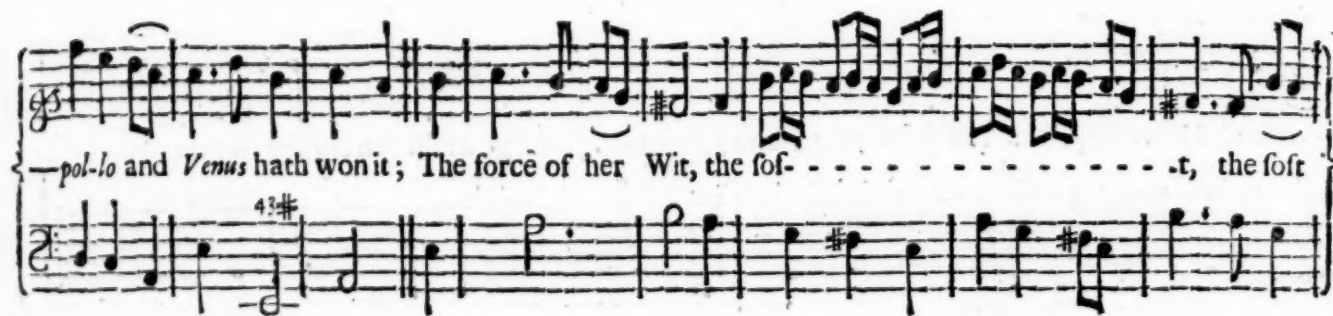
-ndring Heart surprize: Her prinking, mimping, twinkling, pinking; whilst I'm corting, for transporting,

how like an Angel She panting lies, She pan- - - - -ting lies, lies.

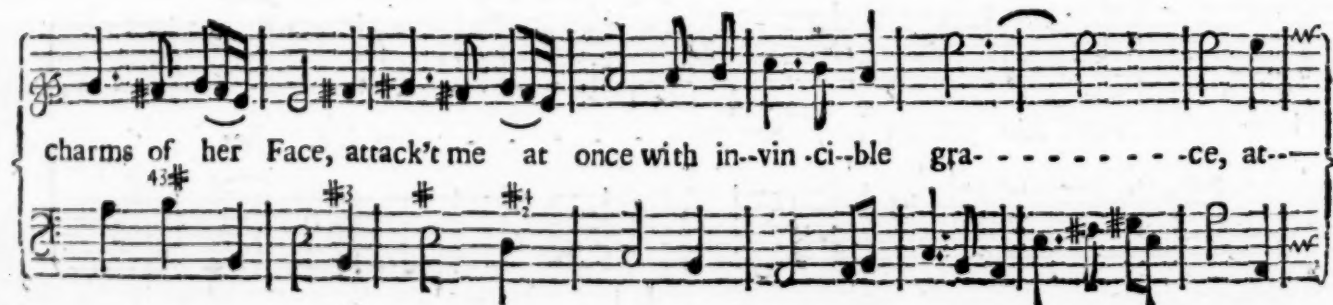
A SONG set by Mr. King, the Words by Person of Quality.



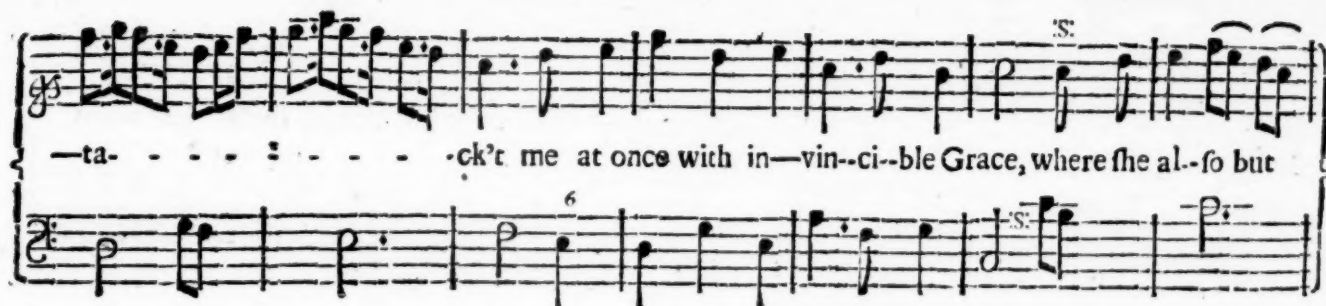
MY Heart's at last caught, but she that has done it; by the help of A-pol-lo, by the help of A-



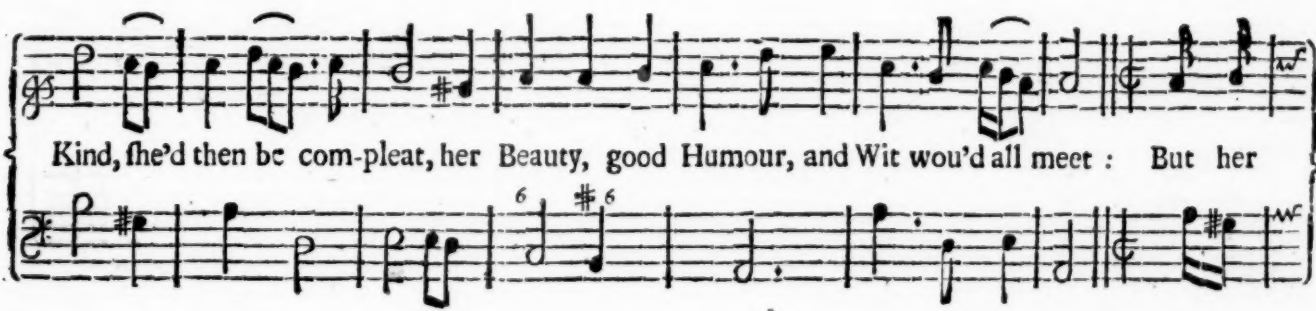
—pol-lo and Venus hath won it; The force of her Wit, the soft- - - - -t, the soft



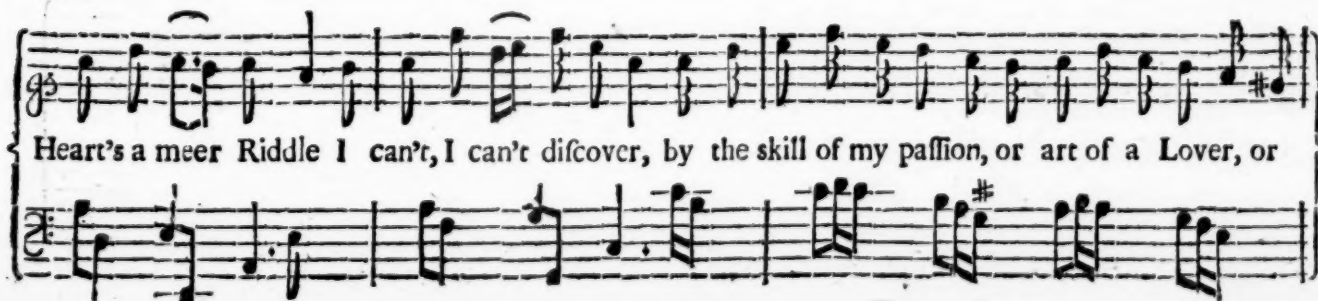
charms of her Face, attack't me at once with in-vin-ci-ble gra- - - - -ce, at--



—ta- - - - - ck't me at once with in—vin—ci—ble Grace, where she al—so but



Kind, she'd then be com-pleat, her Beauty, good Humour, and Wit wou'd all meet : But her



Heart's a meer Riddle I can't, I can't discover, by the skill of my passion, or art of a Lover, or

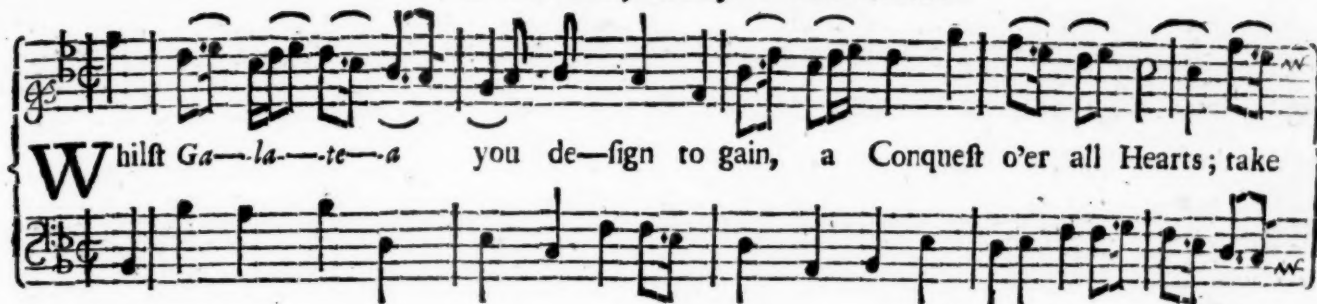
art of a Lo-ver; yet still, still I'll pur-sue, for who knows but she'll be when

that is found out, plain, plain, plain and ea-sy; like that when found out, plain,

plain and ea-sy to me.

A SONG, Set by Mr. Courtivill.

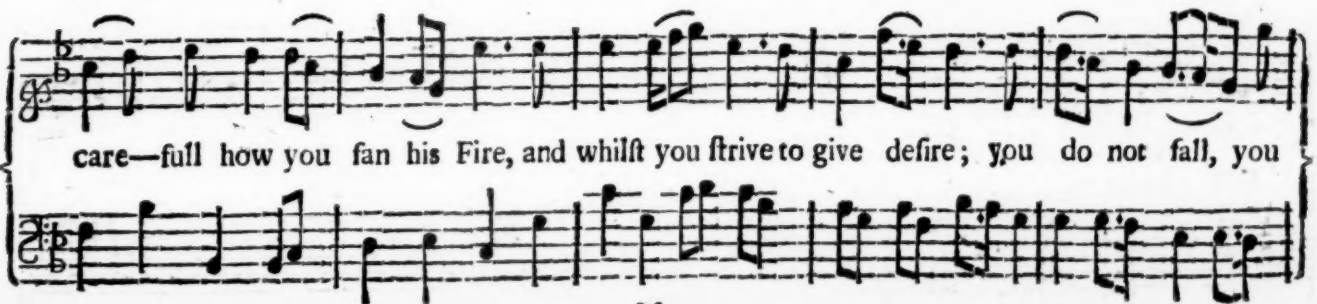
171



Whilst Ga-la-te-a you de-sign to gain, a Conquest o'er all Hearts; take



heed leaft you your own re-sign, love plays not ide---ly with his Darts. Be >



care—full how you fan his Fire, and whilst you strive to give desire; you do not fall, you

M m

do not fall, fall, you do not fa- - - - - ll in to that Snare, which

for your Lo-ver, which for your Lo-ver, for your Lo- - - - - ver

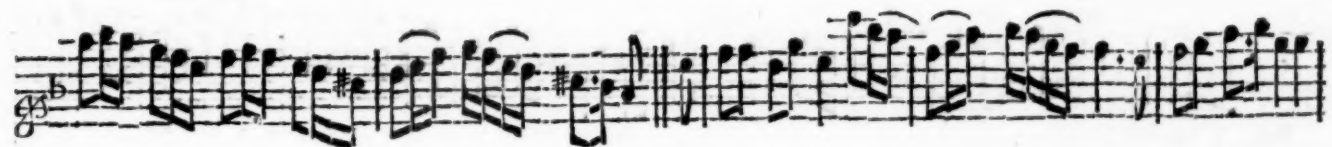
you prepare.

The SONG Tunes for the FLUTE.

173



My Heart's at last caught,





Belinda's pritty pleasing form,



Pruthee, pruthee Damon,



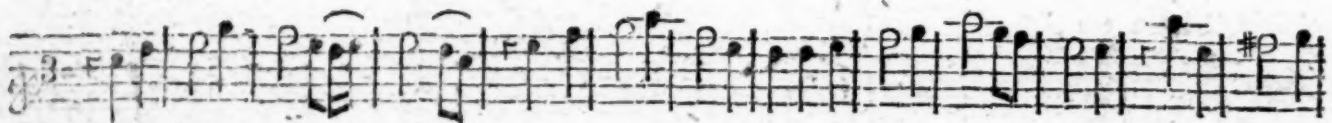


Whilst Galatea you design,





Cloris your Self, you so exceed,



Gentle Night befriend a Lover,



F I N I S.